Document Classification: [redacted]
Catalog Reference: UMBRA-1610-SIGMA-RIFT-01
Decryption Status: PARTIAL
Integrity Rating: *Corrupted (Incomplete Chain)*
Archival Note: Originally retrieved during the Flagstaff Incident. Date code indicates transcription began June 15, 1610. Analysis pending. Key elements are illegible or suppressed under Containment Directive [redacted]-3.

PROJECT UMBRA – ACCESS RESTRICTED

Unauthorized access constitutes a breach of Directive Ω-5 and may result in temporal dislocation, psychological collapse, or termination. Proceed only with Level 7+ clearance and sanctioned oversight.

REVIEW LOG ENTRY: SIGMA-RIFT-01

I do not know where to begin. The [redacted] shakes so violently I can barely hold the quill.

The vial-[redacted]-pulses. It hums against my skin like it *knows*. Reinhardt insists I [redacted], but I-[MISSING SECTION].

Symbols-shifting-[redacted] the altar. I looked away. I shouldn't have looked. It *saw me*.

[redacted] footsteps behind me. There's no one there.

Or is there?

[SECTION: 16 June 1610]

Tried to leave. Door won't open. Walls breathe. Reinhardt -"It begins now."
What is "it"?

[redacted] watching. Cloaked. Motionless. Whispering.

Words: unknown dialect. [REDACTED AUDIO INSERT: UNINTELLIGIBLE HARMONICS]

They are not human.

[SECTION: 18 June 1610]

Time is collapsing. Symbols move. They [redacted] me. Altar feels alive.

Figures closer now. Can't touch them. Can't reach them. They exist just beyond-[SCRUBBED]

The ritual isn't being performed. The ritual is performing *me*.

[DATA LOSS - CHAINLINK 18 THROUGH 21 CORRUPTED]

[REENTRY PROTOCOL FAILURE LOGGED - RECOVERY ATTEMPT ABORTED]

[22 June 1610]

The air is wrong. It has weight. It's pressing into my chest. Into my thoughts.

I wrote: *"we"*.
I didn't mean to.

Reinhardt has stopped moving. He's not waiting for *me*.

Symbols won't stay still. Altar grows.

[July [redacted]]

Body-wrong. Mouth doesn't form words. No voice.

Figures breathe now. I hear them. Or I am them.

[redacted] burned my hand when I touched the altar. The heat wasn't heat. It was [redacted]

[July 20th?]

The Rift… isn't a place.

I thought it was a gate. But it's a vector.

Reinhardt may never have existed. Or perhaps… I was Reinhardt.

[25 July, FINAL RECOVERABLE ENTRY]

The ritual is not an action. It is a state.

There is no “I” left to resist it.
There is no “I” at all.

The figures are inside me. Or I am inside them.
The air is gone. The space is not space.
The Rift is the only reality now.

We are the Rift.

[redacted]

END OF FILE

> SIGMA-RIFT-01 [TERMINATED]
>
> ACCESS LOG: Unauthorized user detected. Clearance mismatch.
> UMBRA ECHO SUBNET DISENGAGED
>
> FINAL MESSAGE RECOVERED:
> [REDACTED: NON-EUCLIDEAN LANGUAGE STRING]
>
> NEXT FILE FLAGGED: UMBRA-1985-POLARIS-ECHO-03 [LOCKED]